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GOSSIP.

THERE is a general prejudice against gossip; yet every one more or less indulges in it. Small country towns are made light of in metropolitan ones on account of this propensity; and yet even in the greatest, we hear much conversation which cannot be regarded as anything but gossip. Why is this? How comes it that men have universally the grace to condemn what they have universally the bad taste to give way to? May it not be that there is an error in the condemnation of gossip, not in the indulgence in it? If we could suppose such to be the case, the practice and principles of mankind would on this point be in harmony, excepting only for the anomaly of our condemning what is not entitled to be condemned.

The truth seems to be, that gossip comes in for a great deal of the odium due to its step-sister Scandal, and this in consequence of a confusion in the use of the words. We often speak of a coterie being addicted to scandal, when it is fond merely of gossip; and as frequently that is softened into gossip which in reality is scandal. And doubtless there is some reason for this confusion, seeing that the two things are occasionally seen shading into each other so finely, that hardly anybody could determine where the one begins and the other ends. But things may be blindingly connected, and yet perfectly distinct—as (to take a palpable though not new illustration) the cheek and chin melt into each other, and yet are unmistakably separate things. When we set ourselves seriously to distinguish between the two entities in question, no difficulty is experienced, and the innocence of Madame Gossip becomes as manifest as does the spitefulness and wickedness of Miss—(yes, for she is an old maid)—Miss Scandal.

Miss Scandal is a very dire old lady, with something like that interest in the morality of a country which the hangman has; that is to say, she has a sensible gratification in seeing errors committed, because, without occasionally having such to comment on, she could not exist. She snuffs a trespass afar off, watches its development with fond anxiety, and would suffer grievous disappointment were it in any way to go off abortively. It is needless to ask why any one should delight in batten on the faults and follies of other poor mortals: as well inquire why the crocodile and vulture seek their highest enjoyments in putrid animal substances. Enough that there are such beings.

Very different is that good-humoured matron Mrs Gossip. She takes an interest in the affairs of her neighbours, but it is in matters which there is no harm in speaking of. If resident in a country town, she will tell you who is to have a dinner-party to-day, and who are to be at it—what jellies have been ordered at the

confectioner's, and which of the two extra servants of the place has been hired in to assist. What mischief, however, is there in this? In a cathedral town, she will give you every particular of the shades of opinion of the various clergy, and how each of them stands affected to the white gown: but is there any harm in merely talking of such things? Again, in a mercantile place, you will hear from the same excellent authority how much certain parties are doing at present in cottons, and what certain other parties are understood to have cleared by their late speculations in railways. But here too her tongue is innocuous. Every kind of place, not excepting London itself, every great profession, every great interest, has its own gossip—gossip being, in short, nothing more or less than the particulars respecting the many private persons; characters, and events which come within the range of observation of particular parties. But in adverting to, and commenting upon, such matters, there may be no harm either meant or done. If there is merely an indulgence in a natural curiosity, or perhaps an unbending of the mind from severer studies—some being gratified, and no one injured—what can reasonably be said against it?

Gossip is sometimes condemned upon what appears at first rather plausible ground; namely, that it is an unwarrantable interference with the affairs of our neighbours. 'Mind your own concerns' is, for sundry reasons, a favourite maxim. Gossip violates it, and gossip is therefore branded as something very bad. All this, however, is a fallacy. It is quite impossible for any person to mind only his own affairs, and take no concern in those of his fellow-creatures. Were it possible, it would be at once absurd and wicked. But it is not possible. And the reason simply is, that we are social beings, and not hermits. If I am put into a world where I cannot pursue a single object, or indulge in a single pleasure, without being more or less brought into connexion with other parties, it appears to me that to say, 'Mind not the affairs of your neighbours,' is like bidding a man be cool whom you have placed at a roasting fire, or telling him to be clothed when he has no clothes, and nothing wherewith to purchase them. If I am to be in the world at all, I must take a concern in everything pertaining to my neighbours: I must know much of their character, their domestic habits, their connexions in life, their means, or I shall not know how to deal with them in any of our unavoidable relations. Either I shall, in ignorance, trust them too much or too little, according as my cautiousness may dictate; and thus, in one way or another, commit an error. It is not merely that I shall be in the dark as to their fidelity in affairs touching pecuniary interests. Some men speak widely, some precisely; some are sanguine, others too despondent. It is necessary to know the character of men in these respects, in order to know how to re-

ceive anything they say—what allowance to make, and what defect to supply. Hundreds of things we do every day, are done with any degree of confidence or accuracy only in consequence of our having previously consulted with this same Madame Gossip, who is at the same time in so much odium and so much request. It will not do to say, 'Inquire into characters and circumstances when occasion arises:' we must have a large stock of such knowledge ever on hand, in order to be able to act with promptitude, or to any good purpose. In fact, in all but extraordinary cases, it is necessary to have the knowledge in a ready-money form, if we would act at all; for, if we had to seek for it, the opportunity would stale, and the door would close. Perhaps, going to seek for it, we should not readily find it. It is therefore necessary, I say, for all men who are to take a part in worldly affairs, to have their ears open to whatever they can readily hear regarding persons and things. Often they will hear what is incorrect; sometimes prejudice will mingle in the time; but for this there is no remedy but in hearing much, and testing one man's discourse by another's.

There is even some higher ground on which a concern in the affairs of our neighbours might be advocated. We are to love our neighbours as ourselves; and undoubtedly if we do not feel kindly towards our fellow-creatures generally, and busily seek to benefit at least some of them, and be more concerned for the welfare of a certain few than for our own, we cannot be truly happy. But how are we to carry out this beautiful maxim, the deep and eternal basis of all human morality, and that which is yet to make the earth a rose garden, if we are never to listen to a single circumstance respecting these neighbours, never to take a moment's interest in any one of their domestic concerns? It is manifestly impossible. A love, then, to hear of that which touches the weal or wo of our neighbours, abstracted from all tinge of officious and malicious interference, seems to me essentially a good point in human nature, something leading to and assistant of the working out of the great moral apothegm in question, and without which life would be a dreary and sapless waste. Call it gossip, or by any other smile-provoking name you please; but, regarded merely as a certain form or expression of the interest which man feels in man, as his brother in this pilgrimage, I think it not merely a defensible, but, under limitations, an admirable thing.

Have we not here an instance of the feelings giving forth a wiser response than the intellect? Mankind love gossip; this is the language of the feelings. They condemn it; this is the declaration of the intellect. Looking narrowly, we find that the dictum of the feelings is susceptible of a better defence than that of the judgment. Wondrous, wondrous are the ways of the mind in dealing with what surrounds it in this mazy scene!

THE HUMAN SKIN.

THE writings of Drs Southwood Smith and Andrew Combe were among the first to direct popular attention in this country to the important uses and functions of the skin. Before the publication of their works, a large proportion of the community regarded the cutaneous coat as a mere covering, intended to keep the fat and muscles of the body in their place, which might be left to take its chance amid the wear and tear of life. The daily ablution, so essential to its healthy action, was seldom if ever thought of; there were thousands who never washed the whole of their bodies from the day they ceased to be infants to that of their death. The most pernicious and absurd notions prevailed respecting the clothing worn next the skin. It was in many instances considered essential that flannel, when once put on, should on no account be taken off again; hence the garment remained unchanged until it dropped piece-

meal from the wearer's back, when it was replaced with a new one, only to undergo the same process.

Happily, much of this deplorable ignorance has disappeared before the increasing spread of knowledge and information. In a work now before us,* by a medical writer, the whole question of the cuticular economy is thoroughly investigated. The author explains the nature of the outer and inner skin, the perspiratory system, the oil-glands of the skin, and the influences to which it is exposed from diet, clothing, exercise, and bathing; and the causes and progress of disease. The descriptions are assisted by engravings, which represent, on an enlarged scale, the anatomy and appearance of the membrane.

The interior, as well as the exterior of the body, is covered with a skin: in the former case, from being constantly moist, it is known as *mucous membrane*. The difference between the two, which are connected by the perspiratory tubes, may be seen in the inside and outside of the eyelids, or where the skin of the face passes into the soft red skin of the mouth. The outer skin is composed of two layers: the upper, or that raised by a blister, is the *scarf-skin*, or epidermis; the under layer is the *sensitive-skin*, or dermis. The offices they perform are different. The *scarf-skin*, as may be seen by the finger-nails, is horny and insensible; while the other is possessed of the most acute sensibility, except where dulled by unusual thickness of its covering. The latter is formed by the exudation of a transparent fluid from the blood-vessels, crystallised, so to speak, in innumerable granules, each one endowed with life, on the surface of the sensitive-skin. These granules increase in size by constant accumulations from beneath, and form cells, which gradually become converted into dry flattened scales, yielding to every movement of the body, while they protect the sensitive surface from unwholesome influences. These little scales are worn off by washing and friction of the clothes; but their place is continually supplied by others. They are too small to be visible, except when they peel off in large masses, as in some cases of fever, and on the scalp, where they become entangled with the hair, and give rise to the appearance called "scurf." This observation will show how futile any attempt must be which shall have for its object to prevent the formation of scurf. It may be removed, and should be removed, every day with the hair-brush; but prevention is impossible, inasmuch as it is opposed to a law of nature.

The chemical composition of the scarf-skin is found to be albuminous, similar to the white of eggs dried. The philosophy of ablution is explained by the fact, that albumen is soluble in the alkalies which enter into the substance of soap. 'The excess of alkali combines with the oily fluid with which the skin is naturally bedewed, removes it in the form of an emulsion, and with it a portion of the dirt. Another portion of the alkali softens and dissolves the superficial stratum of the scarf-skin, and when this is rubbed off, the rest of the dirt disappears; so that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the scarf-skin, and leaves a new one.'

After showing that the objection to soap, 'as an irritant,' may be attributed to weak health or foolish habits, and the injurious effects of 'wash-powders,' or any other 'sluttish expedient,' in lieu of soap, for the cleansing of the skin, the author specifies the influence of light on the surface of the body. The elementary

* A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, &c. By Erasmus Wilson. London: Churchill.

granules of the scarf-skin contain a colouring principle, susceptible of a high degree of stimulation, where light and heat are in excess, as in the torrid zone, whose inhabitants are the darkest of the race. The action of the summer's sun is seen in our own temperate latitudes in increased brownness of the skin, as compared with the paler complexion in winter. In this respect the human being appears to be subject to the same 'law of colour' as the vegetable world.

The nails, as portions of the scarf-skin, claim a share of attention. With ordinary care they may be kept in proper condition, and the deformities avoided which affect more particularly the nails of the toes, and owe their origin to the wearing of short or tight shoes while the foot is growing.

It is the dermis of animals, from which the hair and scarf-skin has been scraped off, that is tanned into leather; its inner surface is composed of meshes containing fat, which, resting on the fat of the body, enable it to resist a sudden blow or pressure. It is by this contrivance that the skin of the sole of the foot has the power of supporting, for a long period, the whole weight of the body; and that the cricketer catches the fast-flying ball with impunity.

The perspiratory system consists of the pores—the minute tubes which penetrate from the surface to the meshes lying beneath the sensitive skin, with the oil-glands and hairs. The tubes are circular, and twisted like a cork-screw, the perspiratory gland being formed by a peculiar fold of the spiral; while the external orifice or pore, in consequence of these convolutions, 'possesses all the advantages of a valvular opening.'

'Taken separately, the little perspiratory tube, with its appended gland, is calculated to awaken in the mind very little idea of the importance of the system to which it belongs; but when the vast numbers of similar organs composing this system are considered, we are led to form some notion, however imperfect, of their probable influence on the health and comfort of the individual. . . . To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows that, in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand, there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet. Surely such an amount of drainage as seventy-three feet in every square inch of skin, assuming this to be the average for the whole body* is something wonderful, and the thought naturally intrudes itself—what if this drainage were obstructed? Could we need a stronger argument for enforcing the necessity of attention to the skin? On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2268, and the length of tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 790, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000; and the number of inches of perspiratory tube, 7,750,000; that is, 145,833 feet, or 48,800 yards, or nearly twenty-eight miles.

The regulation of the temperature of the body is only one of the purposes fulfilled by the perspiration; another, and an important one, is the removal from the system of a number of compound noxious to animal life. It was estimated by Lavoisier and Seguin, that eight grains of perspiration were exhaled by the skin in the course of a minute—a quantity which is equivalent to thirty-three ounces in twenty-four hours. . . . When the perspiration is checked, from disorder of the skin or

cold, the whole of these matters fall of being removed, and are circulated through the system by the blood. Under favourable circumstances, they are separated from the latter by the kidneys, the liver, or the lungs, but not without disturbing the equilibrium of action of those organs, and sometimes being the cause of disease. The perspiration is a fluid, whose regularity and continuance of exhalation are not merely conducive, but absolutely necessary to health.'

Viewed as an absorptive agent, the skin would be exposed to the danger of transmitting infectious miasm to the fluids of the body, were it not for the oily condition of the epidermis when in a state of health, which renders absorption impossible. Medicines have, however, been applied through the skin by a process known as the *endermic* method: the scarf-skin is removed by means of a blister, and the medicines sprinkled on the exposed surface, where they have been found to act as rapidly as when taken into the stomach. The practice has been followed in hydrophobia and other diseases, in cases when the introduction of remedies by the natural means was impossible.

There is great similarity between the perspiratory apparatus and that by which the surface of the skin is oiled: the tubes penetrate the two skins, and terminate in glands in the network beneath; with this difference, that while the former are spiral, and found on every part of the body, the latter are, with very few exceptions, straight, larger in diameter, and are deficient in certain parts, as on the palm of the hand and sole of the foot; while in situations where they are most required, they are most abundant, as on the face, nose, head, ears, &c. They open along the edge of the eyelids, and prevent the eyes from becoming glued together when closed; they supply wax to the ears; and clustering thickly in the scalp, 'open in pairs into the sheath of the hair, supplying it with a pomatum of nature's own preparing.'

A very remarkable fact in natural history, associated with the oil tubes, was discovered a few years ago by Dr Simon, a German physician—namely, the presence of minute animals in the unctuous matter. Mr Wilson having read of the discovery, devoted himself almost exclusively, during six months, to its investigation; and in the course of his inquiry, examined many thousands of the animals in their development from the egg to full growth, of which he gave a full account in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1844, describing the animalcules by the name of *entozoon folliculorum*.*

These little animals are invisible without the aid of a microscope; 'forty-five, placed end to end, would measure in length only one inch. In form and shape, in the perfect state, they are very like caterpillars, and have a distinct head, with feelers, a chest, with four pairs of legs, and a long tail. The whole body is so transparent, that its interior may be easily seen, and the animal always occupies the same position in the oil-tube—the head being directed inwards, and the tail towards the aperture of the tube, as though it had crept into that situation from without.' No age or condition of life is free from these minute intruders; but they are more numerous in old age, and during sickness, than at any other period. Mr Wilson concludes that the animals serve a beneficial purpose, by 'disintegration of the over-distended cells, and the stimulation of the tubes to perform their office more efficiently.' He has discovered them in the horse and dog as well as in the human being.

We have next a chapter on the nature and structure of the hairs, and the purposes they serve in the animal economy, in connexion with the oily and perspiratory apparatus; from which we gather, in passing, that the beard grows at the rate 'of six inches and a half in the course of a year; and for a man of eighty years of age, twenty-seven feet will have fallen before the edge of the razor.' The author disbelieves the statements that hair

* The living inhabitants of the follicles (that is, oil tubes) of the skin.

has turned white in a single night, or even in a single week; the first step in the change may have been made in a single night, and on that night-week the whole of the hairs of the head may have become white at their roots; this is perfectly possible, and the only reasonable explanation of the circumstance.

'The influence of diet on the health of the skin' is the part of the subject next treated of. 'The temperature of health,' we are told, 'is a genial summer over the whole surface; and when that exists, the system cannot be otherwise than well. This brings me to the rule of health which I wish to establish; namely, *by food, by raiment, by exercise, and by ablation, to maintain and preserve an agreeable warmth of the skin.* Everything above this is suspicious; everything below noxious and dangerous.' After showing in what way food contributes to the heat of the body, and insisting on the necessity for its soundness and freshness, combined with moderation in eating, Mr Wilson discusses the question of clothing, which 'in itself has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body. . . . Our garments retain a stratum of air, kept constantly warm by its contact with the body; and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one which fits close, that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious: the loose dress encloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing.' In the remarks on the suitability of various articles of clothing, we learn that the greater warmth of thick woollen textures over thin ones of the same material, consists in the retention of a greater body of air in their meshes. Linen, though 'a soft and agreeable covering . . . has its objections: it is a good conductor, and bad radiator of heat, and therefore the very opposite of a warm dress, which should be a *bad conductor and good radiator.*' Although cotton does not impart that feeling of 'freshness' to the skin communicated by linen, it is far preferable as a covering; it absorbs less moisture, and maintains the body at a more equable temperature. 'Wool is one of the worst conductors and best radiators of heat, and is on this account a valuable and indispensable means of preserving the bodily heat in the winter of cold climates like our own; and even in the summer it is a serviceable defence against colds and rheumatism.'

Mr Wilson urges the necessity for regulating the amount of clothing in accordance with the season and external temperature; and gives a table to show, by comparison, the greater age attained by those whose circumstances enable them to attend to this particular. Of one hundred persons of the richer and poorer classes respectively, from the age of eighty to ninety, the common rate of mortality being nineteen and a fraction per cent., while the whole hundred of the latter died, only thirteen died of the former. The fatal effects of cold, both in infancy and old age, are pointed out. 'The mortality of infants during the first year of their life amounts, in Paris, to nearly nineteen per cent.; in the whole of France, to twenty-one and a half per cent.; in Philadelphia, to twenty-two per cent.; in Berlin, to twenty-five per cent.; and in St Petersburg, to thirty-one per cent.'

The author justly animadverts on the folly and cruelty of dressing children as 'young Highlanders,' or in any other insufficient and fantastic manner. 'There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children "hardy" by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. . . . One-sixth of the deaths of young children, it must be remembered, result from cold.' In connexion with this part of the subject, we find observations on the dangerous consequences of long exposure to a low temperature, and the suppression of perspiration, in producing derangement of the internal organs.

Mr Wilson has some sensible remarks on the influence of exercise on the skin. His idea of exercise is, that it should embrace the mind as well as the body. 'What is it,' he asks, 'that makes the difference between the exercise of youth and that of the felon on the treadmill; between the pedestrian in the Isle of Wight or Switzerland, and the pedestrian from Chelsea to the Bank; between the light and quick footstep wending to Greenwich Park, and the dull tread of the nursery-maid at home? Is it not mind? Is it not the young and buoyant joy of the schoolboy that inspirits his laugh and his leap? Is it not the novelty or the beauty of the scene, the pleasant weather, or the immunity from customary labour, that gives spirit to the pedestrian's tour, as compared with the dull, desultory repetition of the same sights, same persons, same things, and same path from and to business? . . . In mind lies the great secret of *beneficial exercise*; and without it, exercise is a misnomer, and a fraud upon the constitution. . . . The injurious effects of neglected exercise cannot be better illustrated than in the medical history of those who are compelled to lead a sedentary life. In such persons we find a pallid and discoloured skin, depressed spirits, incapacity for exertion, headache, frequently palpitations of the heart, fulness of the head, dyspepsia, tendency to biliousness, and general imperfection and irregularity of the alimentary functions.' The absurdity of repressing the noisy and boisterous sports of childhood is too obvious to require comment. The equally absurd custom of confining young girls in stays, and of repressing their merry games and their appetites, with the view of rendering them 'ladylike,' cannot be too forcibly reprehended.

'Walking, when practised with a proper regard to physical conditions, bestows all the advantages which are to be derived from exercise. It favours digestion and nutrition, facilitates respiration, stimulates the skin, and promotes its action; increases the temperature of the body, and invigorates the physical and mental powers.'

At this point we come to the remarks on the influence of ablation and bathing on the health of the skin, to which the preceding chapters serve as a substructure. We have already seen that the scarf-skin is constantly thrown off in minute scales: the clothing, however, retains them in contact with the surface of the body, where they mix with the unctuous and saline excretions, forming a crust, which, while it collects dust and dirt, chokes the pores, and impedes transpiration. There is also the risk of absorption of the effete matter while it remains on the skin, in which case the lungs, kidneys, liver, or bowels, are called upon to perform double duty, to rid the system of the noxious accumulation; by which means these organs frequently become diseased: while, on the other hand, the obstruction of the pores interferes with the chemical processes of nutrition, the animal temperature is lowered, and cutaneous eruptions are engendered. 'With such considerations as these before us,' says our author, 'ablation becomes a necessity which needs no further argument to enforce strict attention to its observance.'

Mr Wilson enters into the subject of the various methods of ablation; and recommends *training* to those unaccustomed to wash the whole surface of the body daily, beginning with warm or tepid water, as most agreeable to the sensations, and gradually diminishing the temperature, until quite cold may be constantly used. 'Temporary trials are, however, useless: the practice must be persevered in to insure the whole moral and physical effect. Those with whom it is a daily habit, can alone appreciate 'the warm glow,' while 'the thrill of health which follows is positively delicious.'

The concluding portion of the work is occupied with the question of the diseases of the skin, and their mode of treatment. Warts and corns come in for a share of attention, and, like most cutaneous disorders, are shown to be more easy of removal than is commonly imagined. The author condemns the practice of ignorantly using

'old women's' remedies, many of which are highly pernicious.

We take our leave of Mr Wilson's book with a hearty wish for its success and wide diffusion. The subject is one of essential interest to every class of the community, and commends itself especially to those who are helping on the great cause of humanity.

MY NEPHEW THE LAIRD.

THE prophetic doubts of my good aunt, the captain's shrewd-judging lady, did not fail in time to be very painfully realised. Though widely separated from my Highland kindred, I had kept up a correspondence with the principal members of my brother's family, sometimes hearing from himself of some new golden project, now and then from his wife—latterly to complain of an increasing dulness in the neighbouring society—and very constantly from the elder children, to whom I had had the extreme comfort of sending a young woman, of superior understanding, as their governess. About the time that my two eldest nephews came to England, to a public school, rumours of my brother's embarrassments began to be current around him. Without any very expensive habits, he and his lady got through large sums of money, which even the better resources of their improved management failed to supply. Besides their hospitable summers, there were winter visits to Edinburgh, Dublin, and sometimes London; with no farm at hand to aid in housekeeping, when some ready money being of absolute necessity, it had often to be raised at ruinous interest. Then came the system of long credits, bills renewable, a trust-deed—all vain attempts to stave off, for some indefinite period, the crash, which every expedient to avert tended but to aggravate the weight of. It came at last, and it was overwhelming. The trustees entered upon the administration of the property, and my brother had to remove with his family, to live where he pleased, on a very slender annuity.

At first they went abroad, but the continent not suiting either himself or his wife, principally from their ignorance of modern languages, they were advised to fix at Cheltenham, to which they were the more inclined, as we were enabled to lend them a house there. Our Indian uncle, the colonel, had bought a villa on the outskirts of what was then a pretty village, and this his widow had lately left to me. Soon after the completion of this arrangement, our younger brother, who had gone out early in life to Madras as a writer, returned home a wealthy man; and he too settling at Cheltenham, to be near the 'laird'—for never has he been heard to call his elder brother by any other name—and also with a view to the happiness of his wife, who was of a Gloucestershire family, he gathered his scattered children from their various homes, and, applying to the 'laird' for advice in every circumstance of the life equally novel to both, the old age of two men, used to the most active habits in totally dissimilar spheres, where each had commanded, is gliding away, I believe, in quiet happiness. I had feared that my brother 'the laird' would have felt very painfully his descent in position: but no; his seems to be a mind which accommodates itself without effort to events. He considers himself the victim of philanthropy; and, persuaded that his patriotic attempts to improve his place and people were the sole cause of the ruin brought on him and them, he hardly even regrets it. It was the consequence of good intentions; and the schemes in the Highlands failing, he has begun another series in the south, not so costly at any rate, being principally confined to his study, where his fertile brain and ready pen occupy him very profitably, as he writes for several of the higher-toned periodicals.

My sister-in-law is certainly more in her natural sphere where she is. She does not affect to conceal that the change is agreeable to her. The perpetual little party-giving is quite to her mind; so are the

dressings, the morning calls, the card-playing: her taste for this mode of getting through part of her time having rather increased as more youthful inclinations have declined. Unluckily for my brother, the too she so much delighted in was not always limited; but years had brought some degree of prudence along with them, and her gains are beginning to preponderate over her losses. She was still a fine-looking woman when I last saw her: ten years at least younger in appearance than her real age. She had latterly devolved the management of her household on her eldest daughter, who has been taught by adversity the prudence ordinarily the result of half a life's experience. The second daughter, who, from the more intellectual expression of her countenance, surpassed even her mother's early beauty, had married just as the family were leaving the Highlands. She had married greatly—the young 'master' of the neighbouring noble domain, who discovered, at the prospect of parting, that he had been cultivating the society of the brothers for the sister's sake. Though the bride was portionless, she was received with affection, and parted with without elation: like sought like. There was nothing the Highlanders considered uncommon in an accident which we, more worldly-minded, thought so fortunate.

My brother's eldest son, he more peculiarly the subject of my present sketch, had been educated, while at school, with my own boys, passing, too, the most of his holidays with us. Before his college days, the funds were wanting to complete what had been begun: he studied one year only at Edinburgh. The two following he spent at a German university, which he left to accompany his family home, upon their tiring of the continent. We thought him anything but improved by his foreign travels, and we fancied his character still further deteriorated by a couple of seasons at Cheltenham, where, as a handsome beau—a mustache—he lounged away the mornings, with other idlers, in the High Street, or in the billiard-rooms, or on the cigar benches, while at the evening balls he was the coveted partner of every fair exhibitor, unchecked in his advances by any maternal frowns; it being well known that the Highland estate was entailed, and of course redeemable. His mother rather encouraged his numerous flirtations, almost glorying in his easy conquests: his father, occupied in his study, knew little of what was going forward: the gentle rebuke of his sister he only laughed at. Suddenly he vanished: he joined a party to shoot in the Highlands, and returned no more. He had ventured to his own glen; he wrote his sister word; and he meant to remain there on a visit to my old friend the forester. The next thing we heard of him was, that he was in Edinburgh at college again; then domesticated in some farmer's house in the Lothians; next back to the Highlands; and then came a joint letter from the trustees to announce that, being dissatisfied with the gentleman hitherto charged with the management of the property, they had relieved him from his duties, and had appointed in his stead the person most interested in the retrieval of its difficulties, and, in their estimation, best qualified for a task of such delicacy, from the high testimonials he had brought forward both as to character and abilities. In short, the new manager was my nephew, who, awakened to the value of all he was well-nigh losing, had been fitting himself to attempt the recovery of his birthright. We regretted his next step; for, after a year or two, he married a wife of high degree, brought up in a home of luxury—a daughter of the noble house into which his sister had been adopted. Years passed on, and when events brought my nephew into prominent notice again, the measures he was carrying through necessitated my brother's revisiting Scotland, from whence he returned indeed landless—having made over his whole inheritance to one sole trustee, his son, for ever; who took upon himself every existing debt, and commenced his reign of undivided authority by doubling the annuity paid by the estate to his father.

All the news that ever reached us from the north in-

directly, told of the wonderful improvements my nephew the laird had been successfully carrying on there. But a few appeals had been made directly to the old laird concerning the consequences of certain of his son's changes, which had filled his affectionate heart with grief. In some cases whole families, whose existence upon the lands had been coeval with our own possession of them, having been deprived of their small holdings, had emigrated to America; others had abandoned their homes to settle in the burgh town, or to seek their precarious fortunes elsewhere; while a few lingered on where they were born, loath to leave scenes that were dear to them, though without any means of subsistence beyond the charity of their relations. My brother felt some delicacy in interfering with a son who had acted so generously to himself, while he was distressed at the idea of abandoning the interests of those over whom Providence had once placed him as their protector. From my nephew having passed so much of his boyhood in my family, he knew that he had an old affection for me, and that I had some influence over him; so he thought it would be of considerable use to all parties if I could make up my mind to pay a visit to the glen. It was not altogether an agreeable duty; but it was one which seemed to have been thrown in my way, and from which, therefore, I did not feel it right to shrink; so I consented.

My former journey north had occupied nearly a fortnight: we were five days on the road between London and Edinburgh, and five more between Edinburgh and the glen, with a rest in Edinburgh, much needed. On the present occasion we landed at my nephew's door on the third evening after leaving town, travelling by railway to Liverpool, by steamboat along the coast, and up the lochs to the new pier, built out near the promontory where stands the church, just concealed by a bank of weeping-birch from the castle. A thriving village had risen round the pier, in which was a good inn, several shops, and a post-office—the mail now going regularly across that part of the country which was formerly termed the new road; besides two coaches—one daily, the other thrice a-week—and an omnibus, for tourists only, who engaged it for the trip, which always occupied the same number of days, and embraced the same round of scenery. A road really new to me turned up from this village through the glen, passing the old castle, and stretching up across part of the forest to meet another new line of road, connecting districts hardly known before. The castle was in high preservation, the pleasure-grounds much extended, and beautifully kept; while the wide meadow on either side the stream lay in large level fields, bearing the most luxuriant crops, far up into the birch wooding. My nephew did not live there. It was let, with the shooting, to an English millionaire; who paid nearly as much for his six weeks' amusement as supported my poor brother's diminished state at Cheltenham. My nephew lived in the new house, as it was still called; for the captain and his worthy lady were both dead. The widow had indeed been living when my nephew first returned to the glen; and he had gone, at her desire, to visit her—a visit which never ended, for they remained together till her death, when he inherited all her worldly goods, all the gatherings of her later savings; all the labours of her busy years, with the various heirlooms of the family, carefully collected and treasured up by this last of the old race. I had expected improvements to have been made at the mansion, but I was quite unprepared for their extent. The bare moor had become a perfect garden; large fields lay around, intersected by belts of plantations almost to the door, from which they were separated by a shrubbery, enclosing a perfect gem of a little flower-garden, with a small conservatory attached to the house. One of the square wings was gone, its materials having assisted in the erection of a commodious set of offices behind, to which all the straggling sheds of former days had also contributed. The other wing had had its front wall

carried up to a gable end, its two narrow casements below altered into one large bay-window, the terraced roof of which, filled with flowers, served as a balcony to the two enlarged casements above. A wide porch had been added to the doorway, covered with creeping plants. And this in a wild Highland glen!—wild no longer. The mountain range around, and the little foaming river, now scantily fringed with birch, were all that remained of the rude Highlands.

The change within was even greater. My mother's parlour and bedroom, thrown into one long room by the help of supporting pillars, was fitted up as a library, and was the sitting-room of the family. In the recess of the bay-window was placed a large, round table, covered with books and writing-materials; in the side wall, doors of glass opened into the conservatory; at the farther end a pianoforte, a violoncello-case, and a high stand full of music, denoted the happy employment of many an evening hour; near the fire was the old cornered chair, new-covered with needlework, exactly copied from the faded, worn original: all my mother's chairs found places, too, as stationaries, intermixed with some of a lighter make; the little tea-table, with its egg-shell china, was set before a side window, opening on a small courtyard at the back of the greenhouse appropriated to pet birds. The whole thing spoke of home-occupations and home-happiness, to increase which, every memorial of the past appeared to have been studiously introduced; and it affected me even to tears when I found myself alone there, after walking up from the steamboat a mile and a half or more, unnoticed by any one; for we had not been expected—they had not looked for us till the next boat, not reckoning on our timing our changes of conveyance so accurately. By the advice of the governess, who shortly made her appearance with the younger part of her happy-looking charge, I occupied the time that must be passed before the return home of my nephew and niece with their elder children, in taking a review of the pretty cottage into which the old house had been metamorphosed. Taste and comfort were happily blended throughout all the arrangements, united with the most economical simplicity. Nothing my good Aunt Nelly had left was missing, though there were many additions suited to modern refinement. The old dining-room had been shortened, to give my nephew not a study, but an office; for it was plain that business was in earnest pursued here. The back 'jamb' had been extended indefinitely as part of a range of farm-offices, evidently superintended by a lady's eye. The entrance-hall alone looked feudal; for in it were neatly arranged upon the walls my father's swords, the captain's pistols, and some old battle-axes, leathern shields, old claymores, and such-like antiquities, intermixed with stags' horns and stuffed otters, which my nephew had fallen upon in the garrets when remodelling his residence. I was particularly touched by this careful preservation of every object connected with the olden time; for even the flower-case and the fligree box of my poor old French governess remained in their own place, though the drawing-room did duty now as the children's study. Where the Grecian and Egyptian curiosities had taken refuge, I know not: probably in the bedrooms of the castle; for no remains of them were to be seen in the cottage, and the millionaire had entirely refurnished his reception-rooms in what he called the Highland style—all tartan, dirks, broadswords, and bog oak.

I was warmly welcomed by my nephew and niece; made one of the family at once; consulted, and employed, and appealed to as another of themselves; where all, big and little, master and servant, parent and child, seemed to have but one common interest. We were early up, early to bed, busy all day; and we enjoyed our short evening as only those can enjoy the hours of relaxation who have earned them by daily duties well performed. We did not live alone. Several of the nearer landed proprietors, whose pursuits were beginning to assimilate in some degree with

my nephew's, with the addition, occasionally, of the family retainers, formed an agreeable society, amongst whom no formalities existed, and who seemed to enjoy the easy intercourse prevailing in their unceremonious visits to one another all the more; that display was altogether unthought of as a mode of entertainment. Higher sources of enjoyment have opened upon the rising generation than were ever dreamt of by their ancestors. 'Conversing with my nephew on his wonderfully altered habits, he told me that he dated the change from the time that a sense of duty dawned upon him. He had wakened from the follies of a frivolous existence to see the inheritance of his family passing from them; the people, whose interests had been delegated to his care, suffering from his desertion. His pride of birth, first humbled, was then aroused, and the keen desire to redeem his station took entire possession of his very energetic mind.' Encouraged by the forester, stimulated and assisted by the captain's widow, he first fitted himself for the serious task he had undertaken; and then beginning by managing for others, he proved himself to have become the best manager for all. His character had won him his wife. Her little fortune, and her father's influence, had been of considerable use to him in assisting plans he still pursued as a trustee. He lived upon the allowance he received as manager, grudging no outlay on the estate that would afterwards pay, yet restricting even that to a certain annual sum, while faithfully, year after year, relieving the property of its heavy encumbrances. He had no factor, managing all his own affairs himself. He had two working grieves and a forester, who received their daily orders, and had their labours daily inspected; and he had a book-keeper, chosen, like his other assistants, not for his kindred or his destitution, but for his efficiency in his particular department. His farms were models; and he had many—for here it was that the young laird had offended. The good of the property was his aim so exclusively, that he never permitted private feelings to interfere with what he thought essential to it. He said that where he had found it possible, he had left all the old people in their old places; but that the change of manners had necessitated many removals. He required no band of idlers round him; therefore some were thrown out of bread, whose former dependent existence had quite unfitted them for regular work. A few he had quite reclaimed; some partly; some were not to be reclaimed, and they had either hung on at home, living on more industrious relations, or they had enlisted or emigrated, often assisted by himself, as he owed them help, and was willing to give it. He had had most trouble with his class of small tenants—honest, respectable men, living poorly enough on the few acres their ancestors for centuries back had tilled, much in the same style, too, with their own slovenly system of management; for they were proud, idle, poor, and doggedly opposed to any innovations on the habits of their forefathers. These continued to live in the smoky turf-huts, and to lie in the airless box-beds: they called trees big weeds, and thought flowers an encumbrance; and the better crops, and the increasing comforts of their more docile neighbours, all so many preparations for expediting the approach of the day of judgment. With such thorough men of the old school, it had been extremely difficult to deal. It was these principally who had emigrated to the new world rather than conform to the times in their old places; and some of them, despite their obstinacy, I could not but regret; for from amongst them, when thrown by different accidents into the current of the world, had sprung men who left these lowly roofs to rise, by their own exertions, to the highest honours of the state. But my nephew was not of an age or a temperament to believe there would ever be any want of force to fill the vacancies: to him these sturdy fathers of the great were so many obstinate old men, who were predetermined never to try to extract its full value from the soil; and

therefore, in his eyes only encumbering it, he joyfully seized every opportunity of assisting in their removal.

He was opposed to the whole system of jobbing. He said it had hitherto been the ruin of the country, as we might see in our own family, and in that of my poor Aunt Grace, the last of whose descendants, the boy she brought over the lake to see me on my former visit to the north, having just started for Australia, after parcelling out what was once a fine property amongst a whole bevy of small purchasers. He would put none into situations they could not honestly fill; he would help the unfortunate to the best of his ability; but he would leave no land with Black Donald's son, or any other body's son, who would not or could not improve it; nor should old Bell's grandson mismanage a saw-mill, had the old woman been foster-sister to a score of lairds. The factor, our cousin's son, need not have bristled up at the ill usage he met with in being passed over for a stranger. He required no factor: the stranger bookkeeper did what the cousin could not do—work; to which he had been bred, and for which he was well fitted. With these sentiments all in active operation, the glen had indeed made strides. Three or four large farms, managed by my nephew's advice, were in the hands of young scions of some of the old stocks; the rest he superintended himself, and cultivated to the utmost—large, level, well-fenced, thorough-drained fields, bearing crops that were a marvel in the Highlands. Still I, like the old useless retainers, felt some regret. A wise writer has remarked, that the actual living present has little interest for the bulk of mankind; that the young are looking hopefully forward to the unknown future; while the elderly return in thought to the fondly-cherished past, where the melancholy which forms the tenderest part of memory mingles with all recollections. It must have been this natural inclination of the mind which made me, in thinking of my native glen, pass over its present flourishing condition, and revert to it as I knew it in my youth, during the bright summer I spent among its beauties when my brother was the laird. The people were then just beginning to arouse from the sleep of ages; new ideas and new wants were just dawning upon the rising race, while the old feelings, and habits, and prejudices, were still the creed of their fathers. It was this that made them so interesting, so unlike the world we left when we came to visit them in the recesses of their mountains; and this was wearing gradually away before the advance of more useful business habits. I could never reconcile myself either to the smoke, and the fizzing, and the racket of the steamboat rushing over our once secluded lake, or to the bustle of the village on its shore. I missed too, through the glen, all the pretty crofts, stolen, as it were, from the birch-woods: they were all gone, the timber of their hanging banks cut and stacked for sale, the heights and hollows levelled, and all the little wild paths through this once graceful wooding, leading from one little sheltered farm to another, existed now only in the memory of such as I, who had loved to linger the long summer hours among scenes so quietly beautiful.

In the forest too, we no longer came upon the solitary woodman felling and barking his tree, or on a half-ruined saw-mill with its leaking watercourse, offering itself to the pencil with all its picturesque infirmities—the sawyer lazily reading, while the tardy log moved on. All this had vanished. A small part of the forest was cut down in rotation yearly, immediately enclosed, and left to nature to replenish. One band of active workmen felled, another barked, another stacked; all roots were raised; horses for the purpose carried the logs to the only mill, an immense building, with a large artificial supply of water, and a yard attached, where the wood was sorted. The thorough air of business interested me here in spite of myself: the regularity astonished me; as did the amount of work done, by which no one, however, seemed oppressed—method making all easy, even to Highlanders. With his workmen my

nephew was a favourite, nor can I say that he was out of favour with any, even of those drones whom he would banish from the hive. He was forgiven much, on account of his position—acting, as they insisted, for my brother; redeeming his father's property at his own risk—and they excused his stern utilitarianism, on account of the several disadvantages he had laboured under. A foreign mother, a foreign nurse, latterly a foreign education, they could not expect his heart to be all Highland. The wisest among them were beginning, too, to be quite sensible of the substantial benefits his rule had brought with it; money, with all the comforts it can buy, being no longer scarce with the industrious. They had regular pay, good houses, shops in the village at hand, a market at their door for their produce, help in sickness, a good minister, and a good school. It was in these latter departments that my nephew's wife most interested herself.

My niece was scarcely handsome, being fair and slight, and wanting height; yet she grew on me as beautiful, from her sweet, cheerful temper, her goodness, her activity, and her cleverness; all these resources of her mind, too, called forth solely by her love of home. It was to enliven her home that she produced her accomplishments, to improve her home that she exerted her various talents; regulating her household so quietly, pursuing her various employments so steadily, associating her elder children with all her works. She was really a help meet for her husband, beloved throughout his whole estate, the support and the solace of all around her. No 'lady' had ever yet so truly possessed the affections of the people. She was of ancient Highland blood too, and understood their ways, and shared most of their feelings. The young laird owed more of the respect he met with than he was at all aware of to the 'gentle Lady Anne.' The employment which, next to her home duties, appeared the most particularly to interest her, was her charge of the newly-founded schools, where she taught daily, not as in the old times of birch rods and Latin grammar, but according to the improving views of the age upon this most important subject. Then she had a school of industry upon a plan of her own, where all of any age got work, if they wished for it, with a small magazine where their labours were sold. A dispensary was under the care of an hospital assistant, whose practice was directed by the weekly visit of the doctor from the neighbouring town, and who received a small salary from the laird to compensate for the low price of his advice and medicines. A soup-kitchen and a linen store belonged to the institution, carefully superintended by my active niece. And all this was done so easily, so cheaply, time being much more abundantly bestowed than money.

Such is the glen as my nephew has made it—changed by the progress of years, aided by the energies of one powerful mind. He has taught his people to help themselves; he has altered their blind submission into a reasonable attachment; and though, from circumstances as much as from character, he may have been a little rigid in the straight course, the end was certain, and worth achieving at any price. Though the poetry of the connexion between the laird and the vassal has undoubtedly suffered by the tie to the *race* being broken, yet affection for the man, always given when deserved, may be a higher and a surer bond between them. With such thorough business habits, it will not be supposed that he much encouraged the gaieties formerly so essential to the happiness of the Highlander. He kept up the ball and supper at harvest-home, the dinner at Christmas, and the feast in the hill at the sheep-shearing; but there was no whisky admitted to the entertainments, and they were early over. He discontinued in every way the expensive funerals, the noisy weddings, the numerous excuses for gatherings, which seldom ended in the good of the younger part of the company. Indeed the tastes of the people were outgrowing the mirth raised by the punch-bowl: a tone

of higher enjoyment was gradually expanding over their feelings, which was assiduously fostered, and wisely directed.

The minister was another of my nephew's lucky hits—a truly well-educated man, anxious for the morals of his flock, proving by his own habits the worth of the Christian precepts he inculcated. He was neither kith nor kin to our family. He preached well, visited his flock unceasingly, abounding in the works of truly gospel charity. His congregation was large, and extremely attentive, but by no means so interesting to me as that of former days. The young men in their fashionable attire did not look half so well as in the plaid. The smart caps, or the very finely-trimmed bonnets of the younger women, were frightful to me, whose thoughts returned to the glossy snood-bound hair of their comely mothers. Old age was less marked, youth was less picturesque; there were few high caps, no groans, no dogs; and the psalms, skillfully sung in parts by the children of my niece's schools, had no resemblance to the line-by-line-delivered noises of the ancient precentor, taken up in every key and every tune guessed at by the congregation.

The world has reached the glen: every-day life now meets us there: the romance of the Highlands is gone: they will soon offer few distinctive peculiarities. Another generation will very faintly trace the remains of the manners of their primitive forefathers, and the records of scenes I have lived in will be as Robin Hood's tales to my grandchildren.

I took leave of my nephew with sorrow. At seventy odd years, old ladies, even in these days of steaming comfort, travel uneasily. I felt, when I quitted the glen, that its beauties, except in memory, had closed on me for ever.

UNRESTRICTED DANGERS.

Two things, involving liability to great loss of life and damage of property, are left almost without any means of prevention or control in this country. The first is the erection of houses, and other buildings of various kinds. It is found that the greater number of fires originate in flues. Beams of wood are carelessly built in connexion with chimneys; the beams catch fire, and the house is burnt, to the great loss of the proprietor or the insurers. The beams which support the flooring of a house are also sometimes too slender and too short; in some instances the ends have not a rest of more than two inches on the walls. The builder coolly and stupidly sees this done, and nobody but himself knows anything about it. Some day, years afterwards, there is a more than usually large meeting in one of the apartments—perhaps a sale of furniture, perhaps a festive assemblage. All at once the slender beams yield to the pressure, and, slipping out of the wall, down goes the floor, with all who have the misfortune to be upon it. The accident, as it is called, produces a great sensation: several people are killed or maimed; but the author of the disaster is unscathed; the builder has long since been paid for his job, and he is such a decent man, that nobody thinks of blaming him. From similar blunders a newly-built factory falls down, and many poor workmen are destroyed, leaving a number of orphans and widows to be supported by the public; yet great as is the loss, it leads to the adoption of no preventive—everything goes on as usual.

The second, causing a still more flagrant loss of life and property, is the employment of any kind of ships, and any kind of skippers, in our commercial marine. Although a ship is rotten, and unfit for service, it will be loaded with goods for a distant part of the world; and as to the commander, he may know no more of navigation than his own cabin-boy, if even so much. But do not the shippers of goods look into this? No. Because, if the ship is lost, the entire value of the goods is paid by the insurers. Then, do not the insurers look into it? No. They charge for what they consider the

risk, and if they win, they have made a good profit. The whole thing is a species of gambling. If all vessels were seaworthy, and all captains able seamen, underwriting would be nearly extinguished; and that would not be pleasant.

The revelations made before parliament on this subject are appalling. The following piece of evidence occurs in a blue-book on shipwrecks. A witness being asked how shippers of goods in merchant vessels should proceed in the very strange way they seemed to do, he answered that it arose—'From a variety of motives: from being perfectly irresponsible; from there being no authority to investigate their actions or scrutinise their conduct; and from the destructive effects of insurance in removing all motives to care. No one can go into the city, or have transactions with the fitting out of merchant ships, without witnessing, in daily transactions, the fatal extent of the carelessness which prevails in the selection of the master, officers, and men, and in the equipment of merchant vessels. Any man who can procure a loading for the vessel from any foreign port, will seldom be refused the appointment of master, or have any inquiry made into his character. I have even known a Portsmouth publican who commanded a vessel trading from Lisbon to London.'

'Was this man versed in navigation, or capable of taking an observation had the vessel driven out of its course?' 'No: he had evidently not the most distant conception of it, but depended on the empirical knowledge of one of the seamen. I once sailed from London with ninety persons (in 1835) in a steam-vessel which was highly insured, commanded by a man whose thorough ignorance and habitual drunkenness were such, that I was called upon by the officers and crew, for the safety of the vessel and lives, to take the command out of his hands; which I did. When he got on shore, he cut his throat in a fit of *delirium tremens*. The man's character must have become known to the owners, had it been their interest to make any inquiry upon the subject. I once came home from Portugal in a brig of two hundred tons, when the second mate was the only one on board who knew navigation, the master being perfectly ignorant of that science; the result of which was, that, in a run of five or six days, with a fair wind, we made Cape Clear instead of the Land's End, being bound to London from Cape Finisterre. Seeing the evident danger of such ignorance, I was compelled to interfere to control the vessel. Such instances are constant and notorious, from the circumstance of *examination* being neglected, and qualification being considered unnecessary in the merchant service. Not only is there no interest in getting good hands, but there is a fearful effect in going short-handed. Merchant vessels are to a shameful extent inadequately manned. I once came to England in a brig which could only afford two hands to each watch. The man at the helm was frequently obliged to leave his post to let go ropes in a squall at night. In one case the vessel was almost lost from this circumstance off Cape St Vincent. In a moderate gale, it was necessary to cut away from the yard a fore-top-sail, which could not be furled, from her having only three men and two boys in a vessel of 250 tons.'

'If the lives of the men are lost, does the widowhood or orphanage or any such loss fall on the owners?' 'No: on the contrary, the owners frequently gain. In the case of the loss of the vessel, there is no claim for wages, and the parish supports the widows and orphans, if any of the men happen to be married.'

'Are the losses ascribable to ignorance, and are those losses very great?' 'Yes: I believe it has been ascertained, beyond contradiction, that the number of British ships which is lost is more than one in twenty-four; and that property to the value of nearly three millions annually is thus lost to the nation; chiefly through ignorance and the present system of nautical insurance, which assures any vessel, on good premium, however unsafe or decayed. Further, that for every seventeen sailors who die, twelve are drowned or lost by shipwreck;

and that nearly two thousand perish annually in the deep. Thus hundreds of widows and thousands of children are thrown on the precarious charity of the public.'

It appears to us, as it has long since appeared to others, that the only remedy for these public and private wrongs is to place the erection of all edifices, and the sailing of all ships, under the supervision of educated and responsible surveyors; and to oblige shippers to employ only properly-trained and licensed commanders. The legislature, we believe, has some such arrangement in view; and if so, it is very desirable it were hastened to a practical issue.

ADVENTURE OF HERMAN MELVILLE.

MR MELVILLE, according to his own account,* was a sailor on board the 'Dolly,' an American whaler, which visited the cruising-grounds of the Pacific in the year 1842. The vessel had been six months at sea, out of sight of land, chasing the sperm-whale beneath the scorching sun of the line—the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else. Many weeks had elapsed since her fresh provisions had been all exhausted; there was not a single yam or sweet potato left; nothing but salt horse and sea-biscuit, nothing green or fresh to look upon save the inside of her bulwarks, and these were of a vile and sickly hue. To aggravate these evils, unendurable enough in all conscience, the commander was a harsh, selfish fellow, who would not have cared, so long as his own wants were attended to, though his men had been living on salted plank. No wonder that, under these circumstances, the crew became land-sick, and that visions of verdant islands, happy valleys, tropical fruits and flowers, desertion and liberty, floated before their minds. The captain's store of delicacies was not everlasting, however; an appeal to his stomach was more powerful than one to his heart, and so the Dolly's prow was at length turned landward. The Marquesas was her destination; and thither, in eighteen or twenty days, the gentle trade-winds wafted her yearning crew. It was in the summer of 1842 that they dropped anchor in the bay of Nukuheva, and just at the time that the French Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars was taking measures for the subjugation of these islands. The bay and valley of Nukuheva were of course in great commotion. It was high gala-day with the crew of the Dolly; and the temptations of the island, rendered doubly powerful by the memory of the harsh treatment they had experienced at sea, told among them, as might have been expected. Here, then, Herman Melville, in company with another shipmate, made up his mind to desert, and to take his chance among the natives until some more kindly craft might appear for his reception.

Having made their escape in their ordinary sailor dress, with no implements save their knives, and no stores save a few biscuit, a pound or two of tobacco, and a piece of calico to serve as a present to the natives in case of need, our two runaways made for the heights of Nukuheva, whence they might watch the departure of the Dolly, and be out of reach of the inhabitants, who never leave the bosoms of their valleys—each tribe possessing its own vale, to which they are confined at once by the surrounding heights and the fear of their neighbours. To these heights they forced their way through jungle and cane-brake, drenched to the skin by heavy rains, bruised, torn, and bleeding. At the height of 3000 feet night fell around them, cold, weary, and hungry; the rain and friction had ground their biscuit to pulp, and this pulp was rendered all but uneatable by the juice of the tobacco, which had been thrust into the same receptacle. They looked around them for fruit, but they were above the region of the cocoa-nut and bread-tree; and, unsavoury as their dis-

* Narrative of a Four Months' Residence among the Natives of a valley of the Marquesas Islands. By Herman Melville. London: Murray. 1846.

cuit pulp might be, it was their only resource. What they had might have sufficed for a single meal, but the Dolly would not sail for eight or ten days, and to descend from their security till then, would be to defeat the project for which they had already hazarded their fame and fortune. What then was to be done? After a brief discussion, in which both of us expressed our resolution of not descending into the bay until the ship's departure, I suggested to my companion that, little of it as there was, we should divide the bread into six equal portions, each of which should be a day's allowance for both of us. This proposition was assented to; so I took the silk kerchief from my neck, and cutting it with my knife into half-a-dozen equal pieces, proceeded to make an exact division. At first Toby, with a degree of fastidiousness that seemed to me ill-timed, was for picking out the minute particles of tobacco with which the spongy mass was mixed; but against this proceeding I protested, as by such an operation we must have greatly diminished its quantity. When the division was accomplished, we found that a day's allowance for the two was not a great deal more than what a table-spoon might hold. Each separate portion we immediately rolled up in the bit of silk prepared for it; and, joining them altogether into a small package, I committed them, with solemn injunctions of fidelity, to the custody of my companion. For the remainder of that day we resolved to fast, as we had been fortified by a breakfast in the morning; and now starting again to our feet, we looked about us for a shelter during the night, which, from the appearance of the heavens, promised to be a dark and tempestuous one.

Still holding inland towards the central heights of the island, from which the valleys radiate like the spokes of a wheel, our adventurers came to a waterfall, under the cliff of which they proposed to rest till the morning. The night was wet and gusty; so, slanting a few fallen branches against the precipice, and covering them with leaves and withered grass, they crept under and disposed their wearied bodies as they could best contrive. 'Shall I ever forget that horrid night? As for poor Toby, I could scarcely get a word out of him. It would have been some consolation to have heard his voice; but he lay shivering the livelong night, like a man afflicted with the palsy, with his knees drawn up to his head, while his back was supported against the dripping side of the rock. During this wretched night there seemed nothing wanting to complete the perfect misery of our condition. The rain descended in such torrents, that our poor shelter proved a mere mockery. In vain did I try to elude the incessant streams that poured upon me. By protecting one part, I only exposed another; and the water was continually finding some new opening through which to drench us. I have had many a ducking in the course of my life, and in general care little about it; but the accumulated horrors of that night, the death-like coldness of the place, the appalling darkness, and the dismal sense of our forlorn condition, almost unmanned me.' As might be expected, the earliest peep of dawn found them stirring from this uncomfortable resting-place; and having despatched their scanty breakfast of biscuit pulp, they were once more on their journey. After three or four days of toilsome wandering by day, and lairing by night under the shelter of rocks or fallen trunks, their miserable stock of provision was consumed; and there was now no alternative but to descend into the first valley, and risk a reception with the natives. To turn back to the Nukuhavans would have been madness, as these people were sure to deliver them up to the vessel in hope of reward; to make a hap-hazard descent was a mere life-lottery—they might fall into the hands of the mild and gentle Happers; but they were quite as likely to enter the valley of the Typees, reputed the most fierce and cannibal of the Marquessans. Descend, however, they must, or starve where they were. Their biscuit crumbs were gone, and the chewing of succulent shoots and young buds was but a temporary expedient.

Taking, then, the first watercourse that offered, they commenced their descent to the more fertile low lands. 'From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments which lay hidden under its surface, or tripping against the huge roots of trees. But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs, which, shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together in fantastic masses almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed. Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarcely light enough to guide us. Occasionally we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling among flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the un pitying waters flowed over our prostrate bodies. Belzoni, worming himself through the subterranean passages of the Egyptian catacombs, could not have met with greater impediments than those we here encountered. But we struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing. Towards sunset we halted at a spot where we made preparation for passing the night. Here we constructed a shelter in much the same way as before; and crawling into it, endeavoured to forget our sufferings. Having continued their descent on the following morning, they soon came to a rocky precipice, nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it. Desperate men will often accomplish, it is said, what would utterly baffle the most skilful and cautious; and so it was with our adventurers. The sides of the ravine were covered with curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which, after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly over it, and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest of them reaching even to the water. Many were moss-grown, and decayed, with their extremities snapped off; and those in the vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture. Their scheme was to intrust themselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and, by slipping down from one to another, to gain the bottom! Toby, the lightest and most active, commenced this dangerous descent; our hero followed, cautiously transferring himself from the root down which he first alighted to a couple of others that were near it, wisely deeming two strings to his bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before he trusted his weight to them. 'On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots that were round me, to my consternation they snapped off, one after another, like so many pipe stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath. As one after another the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches by which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swung to and fro in the air; and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me; but in vain. I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it; until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I approached the large root, caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to

it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way. My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape.

We need not follow our adventurers through every difficulty and hairbreadth escape in their descent to the valley; enough to state that they reached it, worn-out and hungry, and found it the abode, not, as expected, of the gentle Happar, but of the warlike Typee. They were first discovered by a boy and girl, who instantly gave the alarm; and in less than twenty minutes they were surrounded by half the inhabitants of the valley. After considerable scrutiny and questioning—a questioning which was all but unintelligible—the natives seemed pleased with the new-comers, admitted them into one of their best bamboo houses, and placed before them a repast consisting of cocoa milk and poce-poce—the latter a staple article of food among the Marquesans, manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned by a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the line. They felt our skin much in the same way that a silk-mercator would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ. After supper they were regaled with a pipe; and about midnight the group around them gradually dispersed, leaving only those who appeared to be permanent inmates of the house. These individuals now provided them with mats to lie upon; and then extinguishing the tapers that had been burning, threw themselves down to sleep, allowing our adventurers to follow their example. Thus entered they upon their sojourn in the valley of Typee, ignorant whether on the morrow they were to be treated as friends, or served up as a banquet to the cannibal natives.

It was broad day when our hero awoke, and by this time the house was nearly filled with young females, fancifully decorated with flowers, who gazed upon me as I rose with faces in which childish delight and curiosity were vividly portrayed. After waking Toby, they seated themselves round us on the mats, and gave full play to that prying inquisitiveness which, time out of mind, has been attributed to the adorable sex. As these unsophisticated young creatures were attended by no jealous duennas, their proceedings were altogether informal, and void of artificial restraint. Long and minute was the investigation with which they honoured us, and so uproarious their mirth, that I felt infinitely sheepish; and Toby was immeasurably outraged at their familiarity. These lively young ladies were at the same time wonderfully polite and humane, fanning aside the insects that occasionally lighted on our brows, presenting us with food, and compassionately regarding me in the midst of my afflictions. But, in spite of all their blandishments, my feelings of propriety were exceedingly shocked, for I could not but consider them as having overstepped the due limits of female decorum. Having diverted themselves to their heart's content, our young visitors at length withdrew, and gave place to successive troops of the other sex, who continued flocking towards the house until near noon; by which time, I have no doubt, the greater part of the inhabitants of the valley had bathed themselves in the light of our benignant countenances!

Notwithstanding all this distinction, Melville felt ill at ease. The limb which he had injured in descending the ravine began to assume alarming symptoms; and

as no medical aid was near, the suspicion crossed his mind that he might remain there a disabled prisoner for life, if indeed the disease might not prove fatal. His companion strove to cheer him. The native doctor exhibited his skill in frictions and emollients, but to little purpose; and for the meantime there was no resource but to submit to be carried hither and thither, as the chief commanded, on the shoulders of a herculean Typee, some six feet three inches in height. In this style he was borne to the stream to bathe, to the chief's residence, to the sacred groves—in fact wherever his curiosity suggested. Though comfortable in every respect, nay, though doted on by the natives, our adventurers had no wish to become adopted Typees, and were consequently plotting their escape. For this purpose it was agreed that Toby should steal across the frontier ridge, pass the Happar valley, and make for Nukuheva, where, telling his tale to the French, he might induce them to send a boat to ransom or rescue his disabled companion. In this attempt, however, he was completely unsuccessful; for even before he had crossed the frontier, a party of straggling Happers fell upon him, and he only escaped by a rapid flight into the valley of Typee, though not before he had received a javelin wound, that disabled him for several days. All hope being cut off in that quarter, they now waited in patience for some boat to touch at the valley to barter with the Typees for fruit, pigs, and water. Such an opportunity at length arrived; but, unfortunately, Melville was still unable to avail himself of it; and Toby left him, under promise of returning in three or four days with help from Nukuheva. Of his companion, however, he was destined never to hear again. Whether he had gone off in the boats of some passing vessel, had reached Nukuheva, and there forgot his promise, or had been massacred by the natives in his attempt to escape, Melville could never learn. The Typees could not by any means be brought to mention the name of Toby; or, if they did, it was vaguely to denounce him as an ungrateful runaway.

But whatever might have been Toby's fate, now that he was gone, the natives multiplied their acts of kindness and attention to Melville; treated him, in fact, with a degree of deference which could hardly have been surpassed had he been some celestial visitant. In spite of all this, he was nevertheless a prisoner: his athletic valet was never from his side; he was guarded and tended with the strictest care; and none of the natives would listen for a moment to any conversation respecting his departure. The cause of all this kindness he was utterly at a loss to discover. Did they regard a white man as a curiosity too valuable to part with, or—horrible thought!—did they nurse and nourish him as the future victim of some of their cannibal festivals? Such thoughts he could not altogether repress; and though never uttering the word departure, it was the one thought ever uppermost in his mind. His injured limb being so far recovered that he could walk without support, he now roamed over the valley, attended by his appointed valet, visited every nook and cranny, studied the customs and manners of the natives (to which we shall hereafter allude), conformed himself so far to their ways as to adopt their dress; and even consented to be tattooed; and, if we may judge from his relation, was about to accept a Typee bride, on whose beauty and gentleness he dwells in no measured terms. But though our hero thus revelled in all the enjoyments of Polynesian life, it was enjoyment under restraint. The glorious festivals of the chiefs, the dancings and rejoicings, the love-wanderings with his chosen Payaway, would have been rejected at any hour for the hail of an English voice, or the sight of a whaler's long-boat. Nor was he destined long to dream of such an occurrence; for one morning the valley was startled from its propriety by the arrival of a native stranger, whose looks, gestures, and words were regarded by the Typees with more than human reverence. This was a tabooed Marquesan from Nukuheva; one who had right

to wander where he chose without molestation, and one whose presence was eagerly sought after by the chiefs, who were anxious to learn the proceedings of the French. 'Marnoo' was his name. He had been taken, when a boy, to Sydney by the captain of a trading vessel, and had, in addition to his other qualities, acquired a smattering of English. From this individual Melville learned what was going on at Nukuheva; and a scheme might have been concocted for our hero's release, had not his anxiety betrayed him; and he and Marnoo were instantly separated by order of the chiefs. Was ever poor adventurer born under a more unlucky star?

Another month had scarcely passed by, when the valley again rang with shouts of 'Marnoo pemi,' and the tabooed stranger once more made his appearance. This time he had come from his native valley of Pueearka; and the thought instantly struck Melville that thither he might escape, and then take his chance of getting to Nukuheva, provided he could enlist the sympathies of Marnoo in his behalf. But 'my heart sunk within me when, in his broken English, he answered me that it could never be effected. "Kannaka no let you go nowhere," he said; "you taboo. Why you no like to stay? Plenty moee-moee (sleep)—plenty ki-ki (eat)—plenty whihence (young girls). Oh, very good place Typee! Suppose you no like this bay, why you come? You no hear about Typee? All white men afraid Typee, so no white men come." These words distressed me beyond belief; and when I again related to him the circumstances under which I had descended into the valley, and sought to enlist his sympathies in my behalf, by appealing to the bodily misery I endured, he listened to me with impatience, and cut me short by exclaiming passionately—"Me no hear you talk any more; by by Kannaka get mad, kill you and me too. No; you see he no want you to speak to me at all—you see? Ah! by by you no mind—you get well, he kill you, eat you, hang you head up there, like Happar Kannaka. Now, you listen; but no talk any more. By by I go; you see way I go. Ah! then some night Kannaka all moee-moee (sleep); you run away; you come Pueearka. I speak Pueearka Kannaka—he no harm you. Ah! then I take you my canoe Nukuheva, and you no run away ship no more." So saying, Marnoo left him, and engaged in conversation with the chiefs.

Here, then, was a way of escape for poor Melville; and he instantly set about to accomplish it. But night after night, as he attempted to steal from the house, his ever-watchful valet was in a moment by his side; and his excuses for rising at such untimely hours were as instantly nullified by the objects he sought being placed by his side. His last and only hope was to wait the arrival of some boat in the bay, his determination being, in such an event, to reach the sea at all hazards. He had recently witnessed doings in the valley which made him more uneasy than ever. The men who could revel over the carcass of a Happar, would have little compunction, in case of offence, to do the same with the plumper body of an American. Nearly three weeks had elapsed since the second visit of Marnoo, when one morning the valley was startled by the shouts of, 'Toby has arrived here!' and the reader may well guess of Melville's sensations. Whether it was Toby or not, it was clear a boat was in the bay, to which the crowd was fast hurrying; and, mounting on his valet's shoulders, our adventurer was proceeding seaward with the throng. Mark, however, his disappointment when the chiefs ordered him to stay, and forbade any one to render him assistance, believing that his lameness would prevent his getting to the beach. The crowd still hurrying seaward, left Melville in a great measure to himself; so, seizing a spear, he supported himself as he best could, and made for the bay. When he reached the open space that lay between the groves and the sea, he saw an English whale-boat lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms from it. She was manned by five islanders, and a sixth, dressed in European clothes, stood on the shore, negotiating with the

Typees. This was Karakoe, a tabooed Kannak, whom Melville had often seen on board the Dolly at Nukuheva, and who was treating for his ransom by offering a musket, some bags of powder, and several pieces of calico. The Typees, however, turned from his offers with disgust, and motioned him from their shores, threatening to pierce him with their spears if he advanced another step. Our hero now urged the Kannak in an agony of despair; but he too was seized, and compelled to sit down.

It was clear the Typees were not disposed to part with him. Seeing this—in despair, and reckless of consequences, I exerted all my strength, and shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprang upon my feet, and rushed towards Karakoe. The rash attempt nearly decided my fate; for, fearful that I might slip from them, several of the islanders now raised a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoe, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea. Appalled at their violence, the poor fellow, standing nearly to the waist in the surf, endeavoured to pacify them; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once, and take him into the boat. It was at this agonizing moment, when I thought all hope was ended, that a new contest arose between the two parties who had accompanied me to the shore. Blows were struck, wounds were given, and blood flowed. In the interest excited by the fray, every one had left me except Marheyo, Kory-Kory, and poor dear Fayaway, who clung to me, sobbing indignantly. I saw that now or never was the moment. Clapping my hands together, I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved towards the now almost deserted beach. The tears were in the old man's eyes; but neither he nor Kory-Kory attempted to hold me, and I soon reached the Kannak, who had been anxiously watching my movements. The rowers pulled in as near as they dared to the edge of the surf; I gave one parting embrace to Fayaway, who seemed speechless with sorrow, and the next instant I found myself safe in the boat, and Karakoe by my side, who told the rowers at once to give way.

The danger, however, was not past. The javelins of the Typees were now hurled after them in showers; and as the rowers had to pull against a strong head wind, the boat made so little way, that several of the chiefs stripped, and, with their tomahawks in their teeth, plunged into the water, in hopes of detaining her. 'It was all a trial of strength: our natives pulled till their oars bent again; and the crowd of swimmers shot through the water, despite its roughness, with fearful rapidity. By the time we had reached the headland, the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives, and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boat-hook. We were well aware that, if they succeeded in intercepting us, they would practise upon us the manoeuvre which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas—they would grapple the oars, and, seizing hold of the gunwale, capsize the boat, and then we should be entirely at their mercy. After a few breathless moments, I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us; and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars. Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or compunction, and, with a true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boat-hook at him. It struck him just below the throat, and forced him downwards. I had no time to repeat my blow; but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance. Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale; but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists, that he was forced to quit his hold, and the next minute we were past them all, and in

safety. The strong excitement which had thus far kept me up, now left me, and I fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoe.' In the course of the day he was lifted on board the 'Julia,' where, under proper treatment, he speedily recovered the use of his injured limb, and became, we have no doubt, a more steady and enduring seaman.

Such was the adventure of Herman Melville among the most dreaded inhabitants of the Marquesas. The boat which effected his deliverance belonged to an Australian vessel, which, being in distress of men, had put into Nukuheva to recruit her crew. The captain having been informed by Karakoe, who had gained his intelligence from Marnoo, that an American sailor was detained in the neighbouring bay of 'Typee, supplied suitable articles to offer as ransom, and the generous Kannak immediately undertook the adventure which we have seen end so successfully.

AGE AND REIGN OF MONARCHS.

The causes which affect the health and duration of life of mankind, and the average age at which individuals engaged in various professions die, have been for some time, and are now, exciting considerable attention. The labours of government officers, and others, in preparing statistical tables, &c. have brought to light many results of a curious and instructive kind. Not the least interesting amongst the results of these inquiries, are those which show the average duration of life in various professions, and which prove that all those engaged in pursuits which are attended with much mental excitement and care, do not, as a general rule, live so long as those whose occupations require mere bodily exertion. For example, it has been estimated, by Dr Bellefroid, that the average age at death of those who reach their twenty-eighth year, is, among barristers, 62; physicians, merchants, and farmers, 64; clergymen, 65; poets, 61; artists, 62; professors in universities, 64; and military officers, 64. When we consider the very arduous and harassing nature of the duties of monarchs, and the dangers to which, in former times especially, they have been exposed, we will not be surprised to find the average age at death, among such of them as pass their twenty-eighth year, estimated at 56. It may be interesting to give some details regarding the ages of various monarchs that have ruled in several countries.

Taking the ages of 196 sovereigns, who, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, ruled in Europe and China, it will be found that their average age at death was 50 years, and that of this number only eighteen reached the age of threescore and ten. This is a different result from that quoted above, but it is explained by the fact, that this calculation embraces several kings who never reached their twenty-eighth year. The oldest monarch of the above number was Kien-lung, the grandfather of the present emperor of China, who died in 1798 at the age of 88. The next to him, in point of age, was George III. of Great Britain, who may be called the contemporary of Kien-lung, and whose age, at his death in 1820, was 82. The only other monarch who lived to see his eightieth birthday was Kubla Khan, fourth son of the renowned Jenghis Khan, who ascended the throne of China in the year 1281. The average number of years which each of these 196 monarchs reigned was 23.

In examining the ages of monarchs in the different countries embraced in the above list, we shall find a difference as regards both the age at death and the number of years of each reign. In rude and unsettled times, the average length of a reign is, comparatively speaking, short. For example, it is recorded that, for fifty years during the third century, there were about fifty Roman emperors; and while England was under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxons from 820 to 1017, there were fifteen kings, the average duration of

each reign being 13 years. The three Danish princes of England reigned only twenty-seven years altogether, from 1014 to 1041; while the reign of Edward the Confessor, by whom they were immediately succeeded, and who is regarded as among the most distinguished of the Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, extended to a quarter of a century. From the time of the Norman Conquest, in 1066, to the close of the Tudor dynasty in 1603, there were twenty-two monarchs in England, whose average age at death was 49, and each of whom reigned, on an average, 24 years and 5 months. In this number Edward V., who was smothered in the Tower by order of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., is not included, he being but a child of twelve years old at his father's death, and regarded nominally as king for only two months and a few days. Of these monarchs only three died under forty years of age. These were Richard II., said to have been murdered after his deposition at the age of 33; Richard III., slain at the battle of Bosworth at the age of 32; and Edward VI., who died in his 17th year. The oldest of these English sovereigns, and the only one whose years numbered threescore and ten, was Elizabeth. She reigned forty-five years; a longer time than any other monarch, with the exception of Henry III. and Edward III., the former of whom reigned fifty-six, and the latter fifty-one years. Besides Elizabeth, the ages of five other monarchs exceeded 60. These were, William the Conqueror, 63; his son, Henry I., 68; Henry III., 65; Edward I., 66; and Edward III., 63. It is worthy of notice that all these princes, with the exception of Henry III., are regarded by historians as eminent for their talents, energy, and skill. Both William the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus, met their deaths by accident—the former by a fall from his horse, the latter by being shot with an arrow in the New Forest.

It is impossible to ascertain from the early history of Scotland the duration of the lives of many of the kings of that country. Twenty-four are said to have reigned from 843 to 1153, which would give an average of about 13 years to each reign. From a statement of the ages of thirteen sovereigns, who ruled from 1153 to 1567—that is, from the time of Malcolm IV. to that of James VI.—it appears that their average age at death was 46, and each reign extended, on an average, over 29 years. Taken in the aggregate, therefore, the sovereigns of Scotland, though younger than those of England, reigned for longer periods. The ages of two of these Scotch kings exceeded 70; namely, William the Lion, who died in 1214, aged 72; and Robert II., who died in 1371, aged 74. All the others, with the exception of Robert Bruce and Alexander II., died at ages under 50.

From the accession of James VI. to the death of William IV., there have been eleven kings of the United Kingdom, whose average age at death was 63, and each of whom reigned on an average 21½ years. With the exception of Charles I. and Queen Anne, none of these sovereigns died under the age of 50; the age of one, George III., exceeded 80, and of George II. and William IV. exceeded 70. The longest reign was that of the third George, which extended to sixty years; and, with the exception of that of his immediate predecessor, all the others were under a quarter of a century in duration; the shortest being that of James II., which only lasted three years, and the next to it that of William IV., who ascended the throne at the advanced age of 67, and reigned only seven years.

From the time of Charlemagne in 800, to that of Louis XVI. in 1792, there have been forty-five kings of France. The ages of forty of these are ascertained; those which are unascertained or doubtful, are all in the end of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century. Of these, only two exceeded the age of threescore and ten; and these are among the most remarkable sovereigns that ever ruled in France. The first was Charlemagne, who may be said to have been the con-

solidator of the French monarchy, and who died at the age of 71, after he had reigned forty-seven years as king of France, and three years as the first emperor of Germany. The second was Louis XIV., whose reign is considered the most brilliant in the annals of France, whose court fascinated all Europe, and under whom the dominion of the French was greatly extended. Louis was sovereign for seventy-two years, and died at the age of 77. Seven of these French kings lived to exceed 60 years of age, and the ages of six were under 30. Of the latter, one was poisoned, and it was suspected that the deaths of other two were brought about by the same means. The ninth Louis, who, after his death, was canonised as a saint, reigned forty-four years, and died at the age of 56 of the plague, off the coast of Tunis, in Northern Africa. The great Henry IV. was assassinated in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and fifty-sixth of his age; and Charles VII., after having reigned 39, and lived 60 years, died in 1460 from want of food, which he refused to eat, from the fear of being poisoned. The average age of these French kings at death was 52½, and the average duration of each reign 29 4-5th years.

The history of Spain is a very ravelled skein, in consequence of the country having been at one time divided into a number of separate kingdoms—such as those of Navarre, Aragon, Castile, &c. It is therefore difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion with reference to the ages of the kings who ruled in it. However, from the time of Ferdinand of Aragon, under whom Spain was, in the end of the fifteenth century, consolidated into one monarchy, to the death of Ferdinand VI., in 1759, eight kings ruled, whose average age at death was 55 7-8ths, and each of whose reigns averaged 35½ years. It was during this period that Spain acquired so much strength and importance among the powers of Europe. Under these monarchs she obtained an enormous amount of wealth from her American colonies; and during the reign of one of them, Philip II., she fitted out the so-called 'Invincible Armada.' This king reigned forty-two years, and was the only one among these Spanish monarchs who reached the age of threescore and ten. He was surnamed, 'The Prudent;' though it is probable this title was earned before his great naval imprudence—the unfortunate Armada. His immediate predecessor was the renowned Charles V., who was emperor of Germany as well as king of Spain, and who, surfeited with the splendour of courts and the cares of royalty, retired to a convent, after he had reigned about forty years, and died at the age of 59.

The empire of Russia was under the dominion of the Tartars until the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was freed from their rule by a monarch named Ivan, or John. The dynasty which has now possession of the Russian throne belongs to the family of Romanoff. The first czar of this name was Michael, who was elevated to that dignity when he was only seventeen years old. This prince was taken from a convent to fill the Russian throne at a time when the country was in a distracted state, and when his father, an archbishop, was a prisoner in Poland. He reigned thirty-three years; and from 1610, when he ascended the throne, to 1825, when Alexander died, Russia was governed by eleven monarchs (exclusive of two who died in childhood, and whose reigns did not last a year each), whose average age at death was 44½, and each of whom reigned on an average for 21½ years. In the history of Russia, we find an illustration of a rule that holds good in many other cases—that the longest reign is the most conducive to the consolidation and extension of the power and development of the energy and industry of a country. The longest rule is that of Peter the Great, which extended to forty-three years; this czar dying at the age of 53. None of these Russian sovereigns attained the age of threescore and ten; the oldest was the Empress Catherine, who died at the age of 68, after she had reigned thirty-four years. Elizabeth and Anne, other empresses, died at the respective ages of 52 and 47. The Russian empresses have been longer

livers than the emperors; for the average ages of four of the Romanoff line is 51½, while of the emperors it is only 40 3-7th years. Their reigns are, however, shorter; the average being 17, while that of the emperors is 24 years.

The first emperor of Germany was Charlemagne, who, as has been stated, was likewise king of France, and died at the age of 71. The last emperor of Germany was the late Francis II. of Austria, who died in 1835. Between these two sovereigns—that is, between the years 800 and 1835—there have been fifty-three German emperors, thus showing that each reigned, on an average, nearly twenty years. Calculations based on the ages of twenty-nine of these, show that their average age at death was 55½, and the average duration of their reigns 22½ years. This shows these emperors to have lived as long as the kings of Spain, and to have been exceeded in age only by the kings who reigned in Britain from 1603 to 1837. This is, to a great extent, accounted for by the fact, that nearly all these German emperors were men of experience, and advanced in years, before they obtained the imperial crown. There are only two whose ages at death were under 55: one of these was poisoned in 1001, and the other died of small-pox in 1711.

The kings of Sweden do not appear to have lived to a great age. Of ten monarchs who reigned from 1523 to 1792, the average age at death was 50½, and the average duration of each reign 21½ years. Here again we perceive an instance of the same general rule to which allusion was formerly made; for the longest of these reigns was that of the great Gustavus Vasa, who elevated Sweden to a high position among the nations of Europe, and of whose heroic conduct, both while working in the Dalecarlian mine, and when seated on the Swedish throne, all history speaks in high terms. He died at the age of 70, after a reign of thirty-six years. Another Swedish king who filled all Europe with his fame was Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed at the battle of Lutzen, where he was 'victorious for the last time.' He lived 38, and reigned 22 years. The other great military hero of Sweden, Charles XII., was killed at the siege of Fredericksthal, after he had reigned 22, and lived 36 years. The lives of these two kings show few years, but many actions; and the restless activity of Charles caused his life to be so crowded with deeds, both good and bad, that it may really be said of him, though not quite in Johnson's meaning,

'He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

His successor, Frederick I., formerly Prince of Hesse, was the oldest of these Swedish monarchs. He lived 75, and reigned in Sweden 32 years.

The ages of nineteen sultans, who ruled the Ottoman empire from 1453 to 1789, are ascertained, and show an average of 49, the average duration of each reign having been 17½ years. Only one of these lived to be threescore and ten. That was Solymán II., who died in 1566. In this list of nineteen are included five Mahomets, the youngest of whom died at the age of 44, after reigning eight years.

The history of the Chinese, as preserved by themselves, is perhaps the most complete record possessed by any nation. It extends as far back as the common date for Noah's flood; and though much is regarded by some as fabulous, still the portion that may be considered authentic embraces a more extensive period than the history of any European nation. The present inquiry will not, however, be assisted by penetrating into the very remote portions of Chinese history: a period of about eight centuries has therefore been selected, from which to ascertain the ages of the emperors. Of thirty-six, who sat on the Chinese throne from 977 to 1795, the average age at death was 46½, and the average duration of each reign about twenty years. Of this number six were under 30, sixteen under 40, and nineteen under 50 years of age. In the year 1721,

the emperor Kang-ly completed the sixtieth year of his reign. He was the first Chinese emperor whose rule had lasted so long, and the rejoicings of himself and his subjects on the occasion were very great. His reign, which lasted another year, is the longest recorded in the Chinese annals. He died at the age of 69. His reign was marked by two very important circumstances. The first was the commencement of the trade with Europe in tea; and the second, the introduction among the Chinese, by Father Verbiest, of the art of casting cannon. This Father Verbiest was a missionary of the Jesuits, and rose to be chief mathematician to the Chinese emperor. He was greatly lampooned by many of his brethren in Europe, for putting such powerful instruments of warfare into the hands of the Chinese; but he had the satisfaction of receiving the approval of the high dignitaries of the church for what he had done. The grandson of Kang-ly was Kien-lung, who, on mounting the imperial throne, took a solemn oath that, in the event of the gods permitting him, like his grandfather, to reign for sixty years, he would then show his gratitude for such a distinguished favour by resigning the crown to his heir. A curious vow, which he lived to keep; for in 1795 he abdicated in favour of Keating, father of the present emperor of China. The reigns of these two emperors, Kang-ly and Kien-lung, extending as they did over a period of nearly a century and a quarter, are perhaps the most important in Chinese history; for in them was first commenced the breaking up of that exclusive nationality which had jealously guarded the Chinese people from intercourse with foreigners, and prevented that interchange of thoughts and commodities which has hitherto proved an efficient promoter of civilisation, and an admirable preserver of peace.

Column for Young People.

SERVANTS.—BY MADAME GUIZOT.

[Monsieur de Bonnel—Augustus, his Son.]

M. de B.—Augustus, I hope you have returned that mask that you took from George, as I desired you?

Augustus (in a peevish tone).—I was obliged to return it as you ordered me; but I had not taken it from him—I was giving him what it cost. If George was sulky, and would not take the money, it was not my fault.

M. de B.—He did not want your money, but wished to keep his mask. You had no right to compel him to dispose of it.

Augustus.—I have a very good right to make George do as I choose.

M. de B.—And what gives you that right?

Augustus.—His father, Antoine, is your servant.

M. de B.—And is that a reason why George should have no will of his own?

Augustus.—No; but it is a reason why he should give up to me; and as a proof that he knows he should do so, he always does give up to me. To-day, though, he would not sell me his mask; he had no idea of taking it from me; and only for you, he certainly would have made me keep it.

M. de B.—Well, he will soon think differently, and will hereafter resist your authority.

Augustus.—I should like to see him attempt it.

M. de B.—You shall soon have that satisfaction. Antoine had forbidden his son to use any violence with you, lest he might hurt you. I have just been telling him that if he does not order George to defend himself against you, whenever you torment him, as he would against one of his companions, that he shall come no more here. You will now see whether it is his duty to yield to you in everything, and if it was out of respect to you that he has hitherto done so.

Augustus.—It would be a pretty thing for George to treat me like one of his companions!

M. de B.—You have only to avoid being too familiar with him.

Augustus.—It is not being familiar to wish to make him do what I please.

M. de B.—When you have no right to exact obedience, you can only obtain it by courtesy, by making it a request as you would from an equal, or by force, which he shall

be able to repel; and that is the greatest familiarity which I know.

Augustus.—George is intended to be my servant some day—he has told me so a hundred times: he must then be submissive and respectful.

M. de B.—He will not be submissive except in those things in which he shall have agreed to obey you; he will not be respectful but so long as you are not wanting in what is due to him. A servant agrees to obey in everything that regards his master's service, without doing injury to himself. Thus, if a master were to order his servant to go and fight for him, or to give him money out of his savings, the servant would be free to refuse.

Augustus.—People do not require such things as those from a servant.

M. de B.—It is equally foolish and unjust to ask them to work and run about for you, so as to injure themselves, or to oblige them to give up what belongs to them at a price they do not agree to. If you try to compel your servant by force to do what is unsuitable, then he loses his respect for you, and resists as much as he can; and he has a right to do so, for he has only agreed to obey your orders: he has not engaged to expose himself to any other risk, if he disobeys them, than that of being reprimanded or discharged. If you go farther, you break your agreement: abuse, as well as a blow, releases a servant from all duty.

Augustus.—There are, however, servants who continue their duty although they are overworked or ill-treated by their master. I have heard my cousin Armand abuse his groom, and even threaten him with his whip, because he was bleeding a horse badly; and yet Jack continued his work without answering a word, because he knew very well that he must bear it.

M. de B.—What would he have done to Jack if, as his master very well deserved, he had answered him impertinently?

Augustus.—He would have turned him out of doors, and not have given him a character, so that he would not have been able to get another place.

M. de B.—So, then, masters have the power of ill-treating their servants as much as they please; and if every master were to act in this way, all servants would be obliged to bear it?

Augustus.—Of course they would.

M. de B.—But if all servants were to take it into their heads to resist their masters, then the masters would have to bear it, or to do without servants.

Augustus.—That is what can never happen.

M. de B.—It is what would happen were service to become so intolerable that people could not endure it, and consequently had no interest in attending their masters. But masters and servants, being necessary to each other, have found it for their advantage—the one to be kind, the other to be respectful and submissive. It is, then, because there are many good masters, whom it is their interest to serve, that servants are respectful even to bad ones. Therefore he who abuses this respect is a coward, who takes advantage of the goodness of others by sheltering himself behind them, that he may do wrong with impunity.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

At the last Cheshire quarter-sessions, held at Knutsford, Mr Sadler, chief constable of Stockport, made his first of a series of formal reports to Mr Trafford, the chairman of the sessions, on the state of juvenile delinquency in this division of the county, and of the causes inciting thereto. As the subject has now become one of great and absorbing interest, not only with the legislature, but with the public generally, and as the document in question has become to some extent public property, we deem the space devoted to the following rather lengthy extracts by no means uselessly occupied. Mr Sadler commences by observing:—I have taken from our prison register the names of 280 juveniles, all under the age of 16 years, whose arrests extended over a period of several years, and have made inquiry into their parentage and condition at the time of apprehension, as far as we were able, with the view of ascertaining the causes leading to so much juvenile depravity, and, if possible, of suggesting measures to prevent it. . . . Of these 280, there are 36 of whose circumstances I shall speak particularly. . . . There are 36 who were strangers unknown to our police. . . . and the remaining 134 I shall only allude to by a general observation in con-

clusion. I will commence by observing, as a general summary, that of the 98 juveniles, 36 have been transported, all of whom have been more than once in custody; 32 have been in custody more than once, but not yet transported; and 30 only once in custody. . . . Again, of these 98 juveniles, 6 were orphans, their parents having been dead some years; 3 of these have been transported, and 2 more than once in custody; 13 left without fathers in infancy, 9 of whom have been transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 10 left without mothers, with fathers living, 3 of whom were transported, and 6 more than once in custody; 7 left without mothers, and whose fathers were men of bad character, 2 transported, and 1 more than once in custody; 5 left without fathers, whose mothers were bad characters, 2 transported, and 1 more than once in custody; 6 left without fathers, whose mothers became prostitutes, 2 transported, 5 more than once in custody; 8 whose fathers were felons, 2 transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 4 whose mothers were felons, 3 transported; 4 both parents felons, 1 transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 22 both parents living, but bad characters, 8 of whom have been transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 10 whose fathers were drunkards, mothers creditable, 1 transported, 5 more than once in custody; and 1 whose father was creditable, but mother a drunkard, once in custody. In speaking of character, I include only such parents or guardians as were known to be guilty of drunkenness, or gross immorality, both in language and habits, and leading vagrant, idle lives; many subsisting on the food or money obtained by their children, expressly trained for such purposes. Those known as felons are separately noticed. What portion of the 134 which I have not particularised may have received proper instruction, is not for me to determine.' In another portion of the report, Mr Sadler thus enumerates the causes leading to crime:—Entire absence of proper instruction, attributable to the ignorance or indifference of parents; the influence of bad example, profligate or drunken habits of parents; parents, who from idleness, neglect to provide their families with necessary food; absence of due restraint on the part of parents, regardless of what associations are formed by their children; parents who are themselves vagrants or pedlars (and this is a large class); parents who train their children to habits of mendicancy, and live themselves upon the proceeds; where parents are themselves thieves, and train up their children as such; the seductions or inducements of vicious companionship; children left to their own resources, without parents, home, or shelter of any kind. The remedial measures necessary to counteract these evils, and which are pointed out at length in the report, may be thus summed up:—Moral and religious instruction, and proper family discipline; an alteration of the poor-law, 'so as to meet the condition of such as are not only left without parents, but where neglect or gross profligacy can be proved with regard to parents, by compelling such to support their children in the workhouse'; an improvement of the police system, and of prison discipline, suggesting the principle of separation in the latter case, temporary residence in an asylum or house of refuge, banishment from the country for a term of years in extreme cases—'the present treatment of transports being somewhat mitigated as regards juveniles'—summary commitment, increased rigour in the treatment of adult prisoners. Mr Sadler also states his opinion that the cost of the alterations, means, and appliances necessary to carry out this scheme, would be saved by the diminution in the number of prosecutions, and charge for the maintenance and apprehension of prisoners, which would result from its adoption.—*Manchester Guardian*, February 1846.

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steed starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work grow forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall*.

THE POET.

AMID life's busy hum and clamour hoarse,
Himself though not unseeing, yet unseen,
The Poet still pursues his placid course.
With quiet pace and unperturbed eye serene,
He looks regretful on the tinsel scene,
The swollen nothings on life's witching stage:
All to his taste is profane and mean;
Far higher thoughts his towering mind engage—
A fairer, nobler home, a worthier heritage.

For he, while others crawl along life's road,
Scorns the base dust, and soars to fancy's bowers—
Makes, lark-like, in the air his bright abode,
Hath his own world of sunlight, love, and flowers:
Around his heart joys fall in plenteous showers,
And add new vigour to his tireless wing.
While earth-born dullards count the weary hours,
And to their parent dust contented cling,
True to his native heaven, he still doth soar and sing.

Nature and God his animating theme,
The fields his study, and the woods his books,
He seeks the grassy dell and wimpling stream,
And haunts the shadowy groves and rusby brooks;
Even in the meanest things reads happy looks,
Hears joyful utterances in tongueless things,
Finds sweet companionship in loneliest nooks.
How much of Paradise to earth still clings,
Far, far beyond the world's cold dull imaginings!

But ah, he mourns when, though, like princely feast,
Beauty lies spread o'er every hill and plain,
Man still will grovel like the brainless beast,
To Mammon's drudgery bound with iron chain!
Shall Spring put on her beauteous dress in vain,
Nor honoured man, earth's great high-priest, afford
A loving glance at Nature's fair domain?
His only wealth the dross in coffer stored—
Living alone to get, and getting but to hoard?

He grieveth too that man on man should frown,
That creed, condition, country should divide;
That blustering Might should Meekness trample down,
And bloated Wealth o'er Poverty should stride.
How long, how long shall Self be defied,
Imperious Mammon fill his wrongful throne?
By blood and sorrow are not all allied?
Oh that fair Love again would claim his own,
That each might live for all, that all might live as one!

But though for this his bosom grieveth sore,
With hopeful heart he tunes his lofty lay;
Nor deem his words mere figures on the shore,
Which the next tide shall ruthlessly sweep away:
No; he may die; his words shall not decay,
Nor only live to grace a lady's bower;
But kings and senators shall own their sway.
Great 'mong the greatest is the Poet's power,
He moves the wheels behind, who'er may strike the hour

The venerable wrong, the hoar abuse,
The social mischief, the truth-seeming lie—
The ill that fashion, caste, and pride induce—
Full against these his sharpest arrows fly:
And now he lays his unloved thunder by;
And, as the rainbow, smiling fair above,
Embraces, gladdens all that 'neath it sigh,
Persuasion's mightier power he seeks to prove,
And charm a heedless world perchance to truth and love.

R. W. P.

FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood is, indeed, on all accounts inexcusable, and can never proceed but from some unworthy principle—as cowardice, malice, or a total contempt of virtue and honour. The difficulties it runs one into are not to be numbered. One lie requires ten others to support it, and the failure of probability in one of them ruins all. The pains necessary to patch up a plausible story, and the racking of the memory to keep always to the same circumstances in representing things, and avoid contradictions, is insufferable; and, after all, it is a thousand to one but the artifice is detected, and then the unhappy man is questioned as much when he is sincere as when he dissembles; so that he finds himself at a full stop, and can neither gain his ends with mankind by truth nor falsehood.—*Dignity of Human Nature*.

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